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Slaughter, Philip, 1808-1890.

Memorial of the Rev. George Archibald S.
A. M.

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A MEMORIAL

OF THE

REV. GEORGE ARCHIBALD SMITH, A.M.

BY

✓
PHILIP SLAUGHTER, D.D.

HISTORIOGRAPHER OF THE DIOCESE OF VIRGINIA

“Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile !”

—JOHN i. 47

NEW YORK
THOMAS WHITTAKER
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DEDICATION.

To the Professors, Alumni and Students of the Episcopal Seminary of Virginia, this humble tribute to the memory of the eldest son of the Seminary is lovingly inscribed. The types of ministers of Christ are many and various. Some are sons of thunder, and others still, small voices. Some are transient meteors, dazzling the eye for the moment, and then vanishing away without a trace ; others shine with steady, noiseless rays. Some are impetuous torrents, carrying all before them ; others are gentle rills, running underground, occasionally coming to the surface in springs of living waters, beautifying and enlivening the landscape—poor in spirit, pure in heart, meek in mien, patient in tribulation, rejoicing in hope, instant in prayer, distributing to the necessity of saints, and thinking not of their own, but of the things of others, enduring, believing, hoping, loving and blessing, and thus attesting themselves to be the children of God in the midst of a wicked and perverse generation, among whom they shine as lights in the world. Of these latter types was our Virginia patriarch, who being dead yet speaketh. That we who are alive and remain may heed his words and follow his example as he followed Christ, is the prayer of

Your friend and brother,

THE AUTHOR.

MEMORIAL.

Rev. George A. Smith, son of Hugh and Elizabeth Watson Smith, born November 20, 1802; died June 28, 1889; married February 14, 1825, Ophelia Ann, daughter of Isaac Hite Williams, the eminent lawyer of Fredericksburg, Va., and his wife, Lucy Coleman, daughter of Philip Slaughter, officer of the Revolution, and his wife, Margaret French, daughter of Col. French Strother, member of Convention 1788-89 and of Assembly and Senate of Virginia for thirty years.

Issue of Rev. George A. Smith and his wife, Ophelia Williams Smith :

1. Isaac Williams Smith, captain of civil engineers, assistant to Gen. Emery, Northeastern Boundary; assistant engineer and astronomer, survey of parallel between Creek and Cherokee Indians, under Captains Sitgrave and Woodruff, U. S. A.; assistant astronomer and assistant on survey of parallel between Iowa and Minnesota, Andrew Talcott, chief engineer; assistant engineer on Southern Pacific Railroad, California, with Col. Williamson and Gen. Parke, U. S. A.; assistant to Major Bache in constructing lighthouses in Strait of Fuca; division engineer on Imperial Mexican Railroad; engineer on hydraulic works at Tepic, also

Western Pacific and Northern Pacific Railroads. But his greatest achievement was as chief engineer and superintendent (1871-1873) of the Willamette Falls Canal and Lock in Oregon. His skill and energy in the work elicited the commendations of the president of the company and engineers of the army. Captain Smith constructed many other works, as the water-works at Tacoma, W. T., and is now engaged in like work at Portland, Oregon. Captain Smith's chief literary work is entitled "Theory of Deflections, Latitudes and of Departures, with Special Reference to Curvilinear Surveys and Alignment of Railroad Tracks." *

2. Mary Watson, wife of Rev. R. Dunbar Brooke, of Monroe, Michigan. Issue, four sons and three daughters.

3. Eliza Williams.

4. Lucy Elizabeth, wife of J. Douglas Corse. Issue, four daughters.

5. George Hugh, Colonel, 62d Regiment, Imboden's Brigade, C. S. A.; lawyer of Los Angeles, Senator, and reporter of the Supreme Court of California, and author of one or more learned law works. Married Susan Glassell, widow of Col. George S. Patton, killed in the battle of Winchester, Va. Col. Smith often commanded the brigade, and his com-

* This notice is without the knowledge of Captain Smith, and only to the best of the author's knowledge and belief.

mission of brigadier-general was written just as the war ended. Issue, one daughter and one son.

6. Eleanor Eltinge, died 1871.

7. Isabella Keightley.

8. Agnes Grey, died in infancy.

9. Henry Martyn, Captain, 62d Regiment, C. S. A.; lawyer, judge, and brilliant advocate, Los Angeles, Cal. Married Adeline Woodworth. Issue, one daughter.

The present writer, in an article on the "Old-Time Virginia Conventions," in the *Seminary Magazine* of last year, referring to the Diocesan Convention of 1828, said :

"Of all the ministers in that body only three survived, namely, the Rev. G. A. Smith, the Rev. Ebenezer Boyden, and the Rev. Parke F. Berkeley. "These venerable brethren," he added, "yet linger in the horizon like evening stars, shining with a mellow light," which he hoped was "the token of a glorious morrow." Within a few short months after these words were written, Mr. Berkeley's light went out. And now that of Mr. Smith has set, leaving Mr. Boyden the sole survivor of the Council of 1828, when so many brethren in the bud of youth, in the bloom of manhood, and the fruitfulness of autumn, took sweet counsel and walked to the house of God in company.

In the catalogues of the Episcopal Theological Seminary of Virginia, the name of the Rev. George

Smith has been for many years standing alone at the head of the list, as the sole representative of the class of 1823, when the Seminary was yet in the nursery, in Alexandria, ere it had been transplanted to its present site, whence seed have been sown broadcast throughout the Domestic and Foreign field, yielding such a fruitful harvest. When one turns over the pages of the catalogue, he is startled to see them studded with stars. In almost every class there is a little constellation of asterisks, denoting that the person to whose name it is prefixed has departed this life. Of the sum total of seven hundred and ninety-five Alumni, three hundred are dead. These soldiers of Christ died on the field of battle against the rulers of the darkness of this world, some of them within the entrenched camp of Satan, and they are sleeping sweetly under the palm-trees of Africa, and in other cemeteries at home and abroad. Of all these, our friend was the senior in service, and nothing could have been more fitting than that he should have been called to preside over the Alumni at their annual reunion, as he has done for half a century. When the next catalogue appears the fatal asterisk will be prefixed to his name, denoting that he has ceased from his labors and has entered into rest. There are loving hearts who would not willingly let his memory die. He being dead yet speaketh in the life he lived, and what could be more expressive than speech from beyond the grave. We would, therefore, if possible, reanimate

him by reproducing some events of his life while he walked and talked to us on earth. In this we have a precedent in the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, who called the roll of patriarchs and prophets and others "of whom the world was not worthy," who died in the faith. He thought it was wholesome to realize that we were encompassed with so great a cloud of witnesses, as an injunction to "run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith." But in view of what was printed more than half a century ago, by the subject of this memorial, we must beware of writing a mere eulogy. He then wrote: "It is delightful and consoling to think that the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance. But biographies are often mere eulogies, and as such do little good. They should be written for the benefit of the living. The dead can be neither benefitted nor gratified by the ephemeral breath of human praise, unless as it must appear to immortals in itself, and as the tribute of imperfect beings, incompetent to pass judgment upon superior beings in an exalted state. But if written, as they should be, as impartial narratives—making the reader familiar with the talking and acting man, in little as in great matters—they may be improving in the same way as the society of great and good men is." With this warning staring me in the face, I dare not perpetrate a highly wrought eulogium. I shall rather aim to describe the "talking and acting man, in little

as in great matters," upon the basis of his own diary and other authentic data, in manuscript and in print, and the testimonials of eye-witnesses of his life, which was in its later years chiefly "hid with Christ in God." The diary, written as a spiritual exercise, and only for his own eye and the eye of God, is a sort of stethoscope, revealing the beatings of his heart.

George Archibald Smith was born in the city of Alexandria, Va., on November 20, 1802. His father, Hugh Smith, was a native of England, and settled in Alexandria in the latter part of the eighteenth century. He had been a member of the Church of England in the old country, and did not approve Presbyterian doctrines, but he attended with his wife the congregation of Rev. James Muir, D.D., who became the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Alexandria in 1789, and after an exemplary ministry of thirty-one years, died, and was buried under the altar of his church. Rev. G. A. Smith was baptized in infancy by Dr. Muir. Mr. Hugh Smith was a merchant, who, by spotless integrity and capacity for business, gained the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and accumulated a handsome fortune, which he dispensed bountifully for the benefit of his children, who cherished for him the most profound reverence and affection. His son George often said that it was through the love of his father on earth that he learned to know the love of his Father in Heaven.

George Smith's mother was a native of Ireland, and was the granddaughter of the Rev. Dr. Gordon, a Scotch divine who was invited, early in the last century, to a professorship in an American college, but declined because "his wife was afraid to live in the American wilderness."

The life of man may be likened to the course of a stream, which is influenced by things in the heavens and the earth. The direction and qualities of a river depend upon the source from which it springs, the channel through which it flows, the investing atmosphere, the sun and the rain, and the attraction of gravitation—with this difference, that the will of man can overcome nature, as the engineer by digging new channels and by other devices can change the course of the river. But the will of man, aided by the grace of God, can do what the engineer cannot—make it flow back towards the source. Among the coefficients in shaping man's life are the schools through which he passes and the books which he reads.

SCHOOLS AND BOOKS.

The first school which George Smith attended was that of Mr. Cohen, in Alexandria, in 1809. Mr. Charles L. Powell, of this city, was also a pupil of Mr. Cohen, and recollects him as of short, broad stature, rather formidable to small boys for the severity of his discipline. Mr. Smith remembered a screen

which separated the boys from the girls, and some of the former were bad boys, whose influence upon him was not wholesome. His most indelible memory was the impression made upon his mind by the good example of one of his brothers, and how he longed to be like him, to which he sometimes referred, as an instance of the influence of early impressions upon one's whole life.

In 1811 he was removed to a school about fifteen miles from Baltimore, and taught by a Mr. Pearce.* Here they had morning and evening prayers, and occasional preaching in the school-room. He speaks in his diary of being much affected by a rebuke for going to sleep at prayers. He went to bed in tears, and in after life thought what a blessing it would have been to him if some one had pointed him, when thus softened and sensitive, to the Lamb of God who taketh away sin.

After the lapse of a year, he returned to Alexandria and entered the Academy,† where he remained until 1815, when its masters were Holbrook and Allison. Holbrook reminded some of the boys of Irving's Ichabod Crane in person, and Allison is remembered by some as "a small man of vinegar aspect."

* There are extant amusing letters which passed between him and his schoolmates, George Calvert and Taylor Pyne, full of *jeu d'esprits*.

† The cornerstone of this academy was laid by Robert Adam, Master Mason, September 7, 1785. Washington was one of the trustees, and endowed it with £1,000, the interest to be devoted to the "education of orphans and other poor children." It is on Washington Street and is still in use.

Mr. Smith said: "With my last teacher (Hume) at the Academy, I had great advantages for learning the languages, but my aversion to study and want of appreciation of my opportunities made me go over my Latin and Greek with an unwilling mind. Up to this time all my reading was in novels and plays; of the former were those of Miss Porter."

In November, 1815, he went to Mt. Airy, near Philadelphia, and staid there till September, 1817. When he was examined by Mr. Constant in Virgil, he said: "It luckily happened that he chose a passage which I had read a few weeks before. Heretofore, being but thirteen years old, I had never studied. I now became tolerably diligent, and studied geography, Le Sage's History, and the use of the globes—all of which I soon forgot. With Mr. Patterson I also studied arithmetic and astronomy with some benefit, but of mathematics I could learn nothing, not even having an idea of their end or utility. French and Spanish occupied much of my time." In 1817 he returned to Alexandria, and studied algebra and Euclid with Mr. Burton, a teacher of mathematics. He had now received all the education which was thought necessary for a merchant, for which he was designed.

In the spring of 1818 he entered his father's store to learn his business. "While correct in my outward conduct, I had no proper sense of religion. I attended the theatre often, as I had done in Philadelphia, while at school at Germantown (Mt. Airy),

and was very fond of such amusements. At this time I went with my cousin, John Smith, to hear Dr. William Wilmer, pastor of St. Paul's, and preferring his preaching to that of Dr. Muir, I continued to go there, also attending the prayer-meetings held by him at his own house. I was much touched by one of his sermons on the duty of receiving the Lord's Supper. I had read in Ree's Cyclopaedia some objection to the perpetuity of the Sacrament. I sent a note to Dr. Wilmer that I had been struck by his views, and if the Sacrament was of perpetual obligation, it was plainly every one's duty to obey the command. My objections were answered by reference to the eleventh chapter of II. Corinthians. He asked a personal conference, and I went to his study and was examined by him in the qualifications of a communicant prescribed in the Church Catechism. The only points which impressed me were leading a new life and being in charity with all men. The latter I thought I possessed, and I readily promised the former. My sins, I suppose, being in my estimation very slight, I had no difficulty in saying that I repented of them, and in professing my faith in Christ. I partook of the Sacrament for the first time on Christmas Day, 1818, in St. Paul's Church, being then a little more than sixteen years of age. This was a new era in my life."

This, like every other critical period in his life, was marked in his diary by humiliation before God, professions of penitence for the past, and solemn reso-

lutions for the future. While a model of good demeanor in the opinion of others, he was in his own eyes a miserable sinner, ignorant and indolent, and haunted by the ghosts of "wasted time, lost opportunities, and shameful neglect of known duty." And yet, when Dr. Wilmer, who discerned the good that was in him (which was hidden from himself by a veil of humility), suggested his studying for the ministry, he readily assented, having, as he says, no higher conception of the office than as a field of usefulness, and being, perhaps, dissatisfied with his present occupation. When he mentioned the subject to his father, the latter advised that he should go to college, suspending his decision until he was graduated.

COLLEGE.

In May, 1819, he matriculated in Nassau Hall, Princeton, N. J., entering the Freshman class. As he had made no preparation for examination, he was urged by H. to prepare in Greek. Accordingly, he read three of Lucien's Dialogues, and with the like good luck as at Belle Air (Germantown), he was taken on one of them, and he verily believed that otherwise he would have failed. It may be of interest to some to learn something of the course of study at that date. Others may pass over the coming paragraph. "During the session I read Xenophon's *Cyropædia* and Horace's *Satires* and *Epistles*. The next session I read Homer, with the *Odes* of Horace; and

in mathematics, simple and quad equations, Simpson's Euclid, the simplest parts of conic sections and surveying, then special trigonometry and projections; of the latter I never understood anything. In the classics we read Longinus and Cicero de Oratore. Vines' Fluxions were part of the M. C. senior year. Cavallo's Chemistry, Witherspoon's Philosophy, Paley and Logic. I looked through many books, but not attentively, and left college far below what I should have been." He was graduated in 1821. The college record reads, "Georgius Archibaldus Smith, A.M." It is curious that when degrees have been so profusely conferred, he was never made a D.D. by his Alma Mater. It must have been from inattention.

Among the valued friends he made at college was Senator Pierce, Alfred Sowers, and William Krebs,* of whom he often spoke with affection. But he thought himself so much damaged by other associations that he looked upon himself as so backslidden that he ought to give up all idea of the ministry, although he had not been guilty of any overt act of inconsistency. He returned to Alexandria, and with great reluctance received the Communion at St. Paul's. In November he went back to Princeton, and spent three months in

* The following notes are from the college catalogue of Princeton:

Jacobus Alfredus Pierce, in Cong. Rerumpub. Foed. Repr. et Sen.; Instit. Smiths. Reg.; in Coll. Wash. Mar. Ter., Leg. Prof., LL.D., 1859, et Coll. Sanct. Jac. Mar. Ter. 1856.

Alfredus Augustus Sowers, A.M., Tutor, 1825.

Gulielmus Georgius Krebs, A.M., Reip. Mar. Ter. Ker. Circ. Jurid.

the theological department. He attended regularly the prayer-meeting, and prayed in his turn. Feeling great distress of mind, he wrote to Dr. Wilmer expressing his fears that he had done wrong in making a profession of religion. Dr. Wilmer commended to him Newton's Letters, which gave him great comfort. The writer has Dr. Wilmer's letter, and it is a notable example of the wisdom and tenderness with which this faithful pastor cared for the lambs of his flock. "I remember," said Mr. Smith, "the first satisfactory views I formed of the plan of redemption, and received consolation. With Alfred Sowers, who was then first impressed, I took sweet counsel. We commenced our spiritual voyage together, and may neither of us make final shipwreck."

In May, 1822, he went to the General Theological Seminary in New York. Of the books he studied he mentions Shuckford's Connections, Butler's Analogy, Faber on the Spirit, Newcomb's Harmony, of which last he said he retained nothing; Prideaux, the Epistles, Ernesti's Interpretation, with Dr. Turner, Hebrew Bible, Pearson on the Creed to the Descent into Hell (here he says he laid down the book to pray), Horsley, Mosheim, Milton, Cooper, Young and Thompson; passed an examination with the class. In August he visited Catskill on a packet, reaching there from New York after a *short* passage of twenty-one hours.

A letter from Mr. Smith's father (one of the wisest letters I ever read) tells him that in the event

of Dr. Wilmer's leaving St. Paul's Church, as he then contemplated, he looked to him to fill his place. The father says in this letter: "However much you might be gratified in this station, if you could be qualified to take charge of such a congregation at your early period of life, you, at the time of your ordination, would be very young. In the beginning you would be highly commended, but in ability and in constitution you might find a difficulty in sustaining this character. I think your usefulness could be better established by avoiding a settled place for a year or two, or a few months, and it might be that by practice and by exercise your confidence and knowledge would be improved as much as your habit of body strengthened. I have gone into this explanation that you may be prepared for your course, which is at your own option. I should prefer maintaining you, with your careful habits, for a few years, spent in the acquisition of knowledge, rather than you should station yourself too soon, as regards your health or talents; but above all, I would guard you against listening to the tempting suggestion which may be made to induce you to settle here too soon. In this country, or in a visit to your relatives in England, you may, with the aid of the Almighty, continue to improve yourself, while I trust that the stability you have obtained would ensure you from all temptation to evil, even from the multitude of them you would have to encounter."

In the diary which recorded his daily experience in view of entering the ministry, his passing through the Seminary reminds one of the progress of Bunyan's Pilgrim from the City of Destruction, through the Valley of Humiliation and of the Shadow of Death, encountering Apollyon and Giant Despair in his Doubting Castle, and resisting the wiles of Mr. Wordly-wise-man, and Fearful and Heedless, and all the other imps which haunt the Way of Holiness, with occasional glimpses of the Delectable Mountains, and times of refreshing in the Land of Beulah. Penitent confessions of sin and wailings over wasted time alternate with new resolutions, agonizing cries for pardon and peace, and hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and a single eye to the glory of God. "I will, I must," he exclaims "change my course. I fear that I have never entirely surrendered to the will and service of God. I have held back something," etc. "Though I fall ten thousand times, I must rise again; though I be conquered, I must learn to fight by my defeat. God has promised that sin shall not have dominion over me, and though He slay me yet will I trust Him. The great question now is, Shall I enter the ministry? I have considered it in a general way, but I must set apart special seasons for pondering it. Another point which weighs heavily upon me, and with God's help I must and will consider, viz.: Am I resolved to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified? Am I sincerely resolved

to give myself wholly to the work of the ministry? I must weigh in their full meaning the questions in the Ordination service, and ask myself before the All-knowing Jehovah, will I answer them as I am requested to do? This shall be the chief employment of the vacation, to which everything else must give way."

The idea of devoting vacation to such heart-searching is, we fancy, somewhat novel, and it may be that all this so far transcends the experience of many of us, that we may be tempted to set it aside as something abnormal, the bitter fruit of a morbid sensibility. Before we thus conclude, it may be well to ask if the tendency of the age is not rather towards the opposite extreme, and that too many, moved by a mixture of secular motives (of which they are perhaps unconscious), "rush in where angels fear to tread." The *Miserere* of David, the pangs of Paul, the bitter cry of the blessed Saviour, and the flight of Gregory and Ambrose when called to take up the *onus formidandum* of the ministry should make one pause and ask if we have built upon the sands, instead of digging down to the solid rock for a foundation that will stand when the floods beat upon the building.

August 26, 1823, he said: "I have this evening moved to Dr. Wilmer's, and am rejoiced at the prospect of renewing my studies with so many privileges," etc. "Oh, the length, and breadth, and height, and depth of the love of God in Christ Jesus!" He

seems to have had a special pleasure in his quiet morning devotions, rising at five o'clock that he might have time for them. The sensitiveness of his conscience is somewhat amusingly illustrated by this *naïve* record : "Having set my clock for five, and not hearing the 'larum,' I slept until half-past six o'clock. I did not think myself censurable for this, but it was a great misfortune, for my morning devotions had been profitable and delightful. I sought the Lord early and I found Him. But now I have only time for a short prayer, expecting to extend it during the day, which I did not."

On December 13, 18~~8~~3, he reached Richmond by way of Norfolk, and was ordained deacon on the 16th by Bishop Moore, in the Monumental Church. Returning to Alexandria, he preached his first sermon on the next Sunday, from Hebrews xiii. 16, a charity sermon for the Female Sewing Society. And Christmas Day he preached on John i. 27. The subject of these sermons—Charity and Humility—was the keynote to the melody of his after life. The ensuing winter was spent in Fredericksburg, assisting Mr. McGuire, who was disabled by chills and fever, in St. George's Church. He reached there December 27, and preached on Sunday his Christmas sermon, and in the evening from Lamentations iii. 39.

On the margin of his diary is this significant N. B.: "Sunday, December 28, P.M., is memorable from a visit of —— to Mr. McGuire, when I met her for the

first time." Of this more anon. January 1 he records a sad lamentation over wasted time, etc., adding: "It may be said of me this year, 'Thou shalt die.' If so, God's will be done; but if I inhabit this tenement of clay for fourscore years, may I make the long, long pilgrimage with patience and resignation; but whenever my time comes, may I be able to say 'to depart and be with Christ is far better.' Oh, my dear Krebs, more than a year has passed since thou hast known fully the realities of eternity!"

Then follow a few items more like the experience of some of us than the deep heart-searchings before cited: "January 22, 1824.—I began my sermon, II. Kings xvii. 30, Wednesday night. The introduction took me until half-past eleven o'clock. In the morning Mr. McGuire suggested that I ought to say something about the New Year. To get into the way of it, I read two of Davies' sermons and one of Allison's on the beginning of the century. I chose the text Jer. xxviii. 17, and wrote some pages with zeal. After dining very heartily, I thought I had better go back to the sermon I had first begun. I lost as much time in halting between the two as would have sufficed to finish them. But, alas! I had been idling and amusing myself. I was so ashamed and grieved that I resolved next time to begin my sermon on Tuesday, but put it off till Friday, when I wrote half a one on Romans v. 21, laid it aside and began another on Psalm iv. 6; wrote half of that, and was so much in the dark as to

the rest that I thought I should have to fall back on one of Simeon's skeletons. But I resumed one and finished, such as it was, by nine o'clock ; put off finishing the other, and finally preached extempore."

During this travail there had been a fire which burned Mr. McGuire's house, and which broke out just after they had sung "Grateful Notes" at Mr. Johnston's. A few nights afterwards the choir met at Mr. Park's, and just as they had begun "Grateful Notes," there was another cry of fire. This was all very trying to a newly fledged divine, just trying his wings, and to this he ascribed his travail with his sermons. But we suspect that the emphatic N. B. of a former page had kindled another flame, quite or more diverting.

The scene now changes, and the fascinations of Fredericksburg gave way for a time to the attractions and benefits of a foreign tour. The design of the trip was the hope of recuperating his delicate health for the work of the ministry. The records of it are few, fragmentary, and with long intervals between them. The diary was avowedly and evidently written for his own eye only, and as a spiritual exercise. It, therefore, consists chiefly of self-examination, prayers and praises, with but few incidents of travel. Of the voyage there is but one item, and that was when they were in danger, on April 23, of shipwreck on the Tuscar rock. He describes himself as sitting in the stern, and, every minute expecting the wreck,

prayed He would give the grace of submission to ——. “I find my thoughts at this crisis too much directed to her. I then prayed for myself.” Thus these gleams out of the darkness reveal the unselfishness which always characterized him. When the danger was over, the captain said: “If we had not been the most favored people that were ever board ship, we would now all be in the other world.”

They reached Liverpool on April 24, and proceeded to London. On Sunday he heard Dr. Short, the historian, on Romans vii. 14, and hoped it would bring to mind a sermon of Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, on the same text; but he was struck by the contrast, etc. The awful grandeur of the building inspired him with a feeling of solemnity, notwithstanding the careless conduct of many who only came to see the Abbey, and the unsatisfying discourse. He could realize that God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, but in humble and contrite hearts.

On May 25 he reached Cambridge, and, like every cultured man, had his spirit stirred within him in traversing the streets and colleges, so redolent of Bacon and Newton and many another giant of “mighty bone and bold emprise.” No one who has seen the chapel of King’s College will ever forget “that glorious work of fine intelligence,” as Wordsworth calls it, its windows and its roof without a pillow, its walls covered with intricate carvings, and the many-colored lights playing with the sculpture. “In the solemn

silence of the scene, which I will remember through eternity," he says, "I fix my thoughts upon the Lord Jesus, and present my body and soul a loving sacrifice to His service," etc. Here he heard Simeon, sat in his study and talked with him of Henry Martyn, whose picture hung over Simeon.

On June 2 he was in Oxford, where he met with two friends whose society made home life for him in a strange land, and with whom he took sweet counsel and went to the house of God, and traversed the walks of Christ Church meadows, shaded with limes and elms and horse-chestnuts, on the Isis, picturesque with the variegated costumes of students in their boats. One of these was Rev. William Stone, afterwards Canon of Canterbury Cathedral. Sunday night, 12:15, he records in his diary devout thanks to God for the privileges of the day, including the Holy Communion and a profitable conversation with his dear Stone. Another friend made at Oxford was the son of the Bishop of Bangor, from whose residence he afterwards visited all points of beauty and interest in Wales.

He reached Glasgow from Lanark July 3, and heard Dr. Chalmers in the morning from Romans viii. 31, and in the evening on Psalm xix. He records a synopsis of these sermons, to "recall to his own mind the good advice given him to-day, so suited to his state of mind," and prays that the Holy Spirit may enable him rightly to apply it. In July he was in

Ireland, Wales and England; in September on the Continent, visited Paris, and on October 1 at Havre, waiting for winds and tide to bear him home, which, after a stormy voyage in the Bayard, he reached in November. At sea he had many discussions with Romanists, Unitarians, and persons with no creed, which suggested the reflections "that the influence of the Church of England causes more orthodoxy in opinion and reverence for sacred things than exists in America, where the greater number have no religious training. When the latter make a profession of religion, it is more apt to be the result of conviction, so that in England we may look for more professors of religion, but not so many conscious of personal experience."

On January 25, 1825, he received, through Gen. Robert Taylor, a call to take charge of Christ Church, Norfolk. This weighty charge (at that time the largest in the diocese) might well make a young man in his twenty-third year, a novice in the ministry, pause. Accordingly, the subject was seriously and carefully debated in his own mind. After visiting the congregation and preaching, he accepted the invitation to begin service March 1. In the meantime, on February 14, he was married to Ophelia, daughter of Isaac Hite Williams, an eminent lawyer of Fredericksburg, and his wife, Lucy Coleman, daughter of Capt. Philip Slaughter, a Revolutionary officer, and his wife, Margaret French Strother, daughter of Col. French Strother.

At the ensuing Convention, in May, he reported for the three months, eleven baptisms, eight funerals, four marriages, one hundred and seventy-three communicants; the revival of the Education Society, and of a deep interest in the Seminary. His labors and faithful ministry here was brief, and terminated in November. "The weakness of my body generally, and of my chest in particular, made it necessary to leave the place. I have always had my fears, but the Lord in mercy made it plain." In the hearts of those surviving there are grateful memories of the high appreciation of his character and of his sweet sympathy with the suffering.

After visiting, chiefly in Fredericksburg, until December, 1826, he took charge of St. Stephen's Church, Culpepper, residing first at Springfarm, and then moving to the village. Here and at Orange Court House, where there was no church edifice, he preached the Gospel with force and godly sincerity, and chiefly at his own expense, adding to the Church by baptisms, confirmations and communions, and organizing education and missionary societies until voice and health failed. In 18~~30~~³¹ Dr. Winston, lay delegate, reported to the Convention the resignation and removal of Mr. Smith as an event "greatly to be deplored."

The present writer has a few pages of a journal in which is recorded the names of some persons who were the fruit of Mr. Smith's ministry here, he him-

self having been presented to the Bishop for Confirmation by him. I also remember that when I made my maiden speech, on a Fourth of July, at Washington's Hotel at Stevensburg, Mr. Smith furnished me with books of reference, enabling me to give it a religious cast; and it is curious that when I made my last speech in Christ Church, Alexandria, at the Centennial of Washington's Inauguration, April 30, 1889, Mr. Smith, at whose house I was sojourning, insisted upon reading the proofs, supervising its passage through the press only a few weeks before his death. It was in St. Stephen's Church, too, that, in 1827, Mr. Smith was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Moore, after a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, of Winchester, the grandfather of Dr. H. Melville Jackson, of Grace Church, Richmond.

His diary during his ministry at Culpepper is almost wholly devoted to supplications and intercessions for his people and all men, and thanksgivings for the riches of God's goodness and long-suffering, etc. "Oh, *Temporis parsimoniam quam ignota es et rara, omnium rerum reparabilis jactura præterquam temporis,*" he writes. "If such was the reflection of a heathen, Pliny, what must the Christian say? How melancholy is it for me to look back upon twenty-five years and two months, *cujus jactura irreparabilis est.*"

Among the few incidents recorded in his diary while in Culpepper are the following, viz.: "March 9, 1827.—I have been trying to think of the solemn

vows required by those who present themselves for Priest's Orders. It is the most important engagement which I anticipate to the day of my death. Oh, how short of the reality are my views of the responsibilities of the office! Oh, Lord, bear me up by Thy Holy Spirit, under their weight." "May 25.—On 23d I received, by the laying on of Bishop Moore's hands, the office and authority of a priest. I was culpably deficient on the morning of that day, in prayer and self-examination, by the questions in the Ordinal. I could only say, after it was over, 'The Lord is good and gracious.' Mrs. Strother and her daughter, and Eleanor Thornton partook of the Holy Sacrament, and, I trust, witnessed a good profession. Lord, give them grace to walk worthy of their high calling, and save them through Christ forever. As for myself, I feel an emptiness of soul which I desire may be filled with the love of God," etc.

In December he records receiving and declining, after mature deliberation, an invitation to become assistant to Dr. Keith, in Christ Church, Alexandria, which decision he trusts is in accord with the will of God, and that he was entirely influenced by this belief. Once more his feeble health made it necessary to rest from his labors, and Divine Providence opened the way to another trip to Europe. Rev. Dr. Milnor, of New York, having been deputed by the American Bible Society and other associations to represent them at the May anniversaries in London, invited Mr. Smith

to accompany them on April 16. This he could not make his arrangements to do, but followed on the 20th, and joined them in England, in time to enjoy much social pleasure and hear many eminent clergymen, as Rowland Hill and Simeon, and Chalmers; visiting Robert Hall, the great Baptist preacher who so much admired the Prayer Book, and like Spurgeon was an Open Communionist; visiting and having pleasing converse with Hannah More, dining with Zachary Macaulay, editor of *The Christian Observer* and father of the historian, where he sat by Fanny, Lady Trevillian, and talked of "Tom." Thus, he enjoyed exceptional advantages in travelling with one who in his official capacity was honored by men high in rank and in the walks of literature and religion.

In Dr. Milnor's journal, edited by Dr. Stone, is recorded much of their mutual experience as travelling companions on the Continent, where Mr. Smith's knowledge of French enabled him to act as interpreter. They spent several weeks in Paris, where there is so much to amuse and divert, yet their feelings were not unlike those of St. Paul at Athens, when he saw the city given to idolatry of false doctrine, and hearing and telling some new thing.* The

* Those were stirring times in France, being the eve of the historic three days of July, 1830, and the convulsion which hurled Charles X. from his throne, and "placed upon the brow of Louis of Orleans the crown, not of France, but of the French." Previously, on his first visit to Paris (1824), he was amused at being taken, because of his black clothes and white cravat, for one of the attendants in livery of some grandee, and was permitted to pass into the Cathedral, where Louis XVIII. was laid out in state, and soon after he saw Charles X. ride into Paris as the new king.

special design of Dr. Milnor in visiting Paris was to procure a teacher for the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

With Drs. Milnor and McIlvaine Mr. Smith passed through Brighton and Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight, where Dr. Milnor had a special commission from the American Tract Society to verify the narratives by Hugh Richmond in "The Dairyman's Daughter," "The Young Cottager" and "The African Servant," that society having resolved to print no narrative which was not substantially true. The result of their observations was that the pictures of scenery were true, not only in their general outline, but in their minute details. The present writer, who made a like examination, tracts in hand, can corroborate the statement. Those editors who have expurgated these physical features, supposing them to be fancy sketches, have done injustice to the author, and despoiled the narratives of their native beauty. It would be a supererogation to rehearse the exquisite oft-told tale of the Isle of Wight, hallowed by the genius of Leigh Richmond and transfigured by tourists and artists.

Much of Dr. Milnor's narrative expresses Mr. Smith's experience, only lacking the enthusiasm with which the latter was wont to talk of these high days of his life. These memories were a perennial fountain of health and joy, from which he drew refreshment in many a weary hour of after life.

Returning to Virginia in November, renewed in health and spirits, but unequal for continuous preach-

ing, and longing to do good in the line of his profession, he saw no fulcrum upon which to work the levers that were left him. But as in former like necessities, so now, a unanimous call comes from the managers of the *Philadelphia Recorder* to become its editor. This, of course, raised a case of conscience, which was debated in his diary, with prayers like the cries of "a little child" (which he spiritually was) in the night for light. The conclusion was that, notwithstanding his distrust of his ability for so responsible a trust, yet as it was the only door open to him, it seemed to be a call from the Master, whose aid would supply his deficiencies—it was his duty to heed it.

The preaching of the Gospel with the living voice to the listening numbers, when that voice is the echo of thoughts and emotions which are beating at one's heart and leaping to one's lips for utterance, is a mighty power for convincing the judgment, awakening the conscience, moving the hearts and moulding the manners of men. But when from want of voice, one is obliged to come down from the pulpit, it is a great privilege to sit in the editor's chair. He at once becomes "Sir Oracle," and his pen, if it be guided by a vigorous and well-furnished brain, may exert an influence wider than the priestess of Apollo dispensing oracles from the tripod of Delphi. They who thus catch the public attention and keep it by iteration and and reiteration, from week to week, always having the last word, should become the masters of public

opinion. This compensation for exile from the pulpit Mr. Smith enjoyed while conducting the *Philadelphia Recorder* for eight years, in Philadelphia, and the *Southern Churchman* for as many more, in Alexandria.

When the Rev. B. B. Smith, afterwards Presiding Bishop, retired from the *Recorder*, its managers, after looking with prayerful anxiety for a fit person to supply his place, unanimously chose, November 9, 1830, Rev. G. A. Smith as one having the entire confidence of his brethren, and well qualified to maintain the character and promote the circulation of the *Recorder*. On June 15, 1831, Mr. Smith himself said : "The new editor begins with the present number with a deep impression of the responsibilities of the office. While earnestly asking aid from his brethren, he desires not to shrink from the duties which devolve upon himself. Disqualified at present, by bodily infirmity, for the work of the ministry, he is grateful for the prospect of usefulness which a gracious Providence has opened to him, and desires to improve them to the utmost. In the progress of our labors we wish to set forth as much as lieth in us, quietness and love among all Christian people. We have no love for controversy, and hope to avoid it, unless conscientiously driven to it by the cause of truth," etc. This was the keynote to his editorial career.

Although we have followed him through the columns of these journals, and noted his clippings and his comments, we cannot photograph them here. We

can only touch the salient topics of the times. Eminent among these was the cardinal doctrine of justification by faith, around which controversy has so often raged, not without loss of that charity which is the end of the commandment. Upon this doctrine the Reformation turned and was won, but in the progress of Church history it has often suffered eclipse by the interposition of clouds of one sort and another between the Church and the Sun. Sometimes it was run into the ground by Antinomianism, and then again it was overlaid by dead works, or obscured by metaphysical subtleties. Upon this subject Mr. Smith's trumpet gave no uncertain sound, defending it with clearness, firmness and force from the evangelical standpoint, as held by Bishops Moore, Meade and McIlvaine, and by Drs. Bedell, William Wilmer, Milnor, Tyng, Clarke, Sparrow, May, Suddards, and other leaders of the times who rallied around the *Recorder*. But he was ever careful to maintain good works as the test of the genuineness of the faith which justifies, as trees are known by their fruits.

As to his views of Church polity, his polar star among uninspired men was the judicious Hooker, whom he believed to be the soundest and ablest expositor of the Holy Scriptures, and of the Articles and the Liturgy of the Church. He was a loyal son of his Mother Church, approving with all his mind her distinctive polity and principles, and loving with all his heart her heavenly ways. And yet he never in-

dulged in denunciations of those who differed from him, and never wished to build a wall of partition so high that he could not give the right hand of fellowship to, and greet with words of kindness and cheer, all those on the other side who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity. This was the plane upon which all questions of polity and doctrine were debated, including those arising out of the Oxford Tracts and the Evangelical Knowledge Society, which was instituted the very year (1847) in which Mr. Smith took charge of the *Southern Churchman*. He, with Bishops White, Moore, Meade and others, was a strenuous champion of the Bible Society as a rallying point for all Christians, and affording a basis wide enough for every shade of opinion.

Upon the questions which arose as to the relative claims of Domestic and Foreign Missions, he took in advance the ground upon which the Church now stands,—that the field is the world and that every Christian heart is a centre whose circumference is the utmost limit of the inhabited globe. The cause of temperance, of schools, and colleges, and seminaries, and all those wheels in the mechanism of Christian civilization which are bearing the earth along from torpid winter to awakening spring, received an accelerating impulse from his columns. But overtopping them in his love and zeal was the Episcopal Theological Seminary of Virginia, whose course he watched with intense interest, never losing an opportunity of putting in a good word for it and its tributary, the

Education Society, which was the reservoir into which was poured the little rills from the parishes which kept it alive and fruitful.

As a seal of approbation of his editorial work, a sort of diploma, a large Bible was given him, on which was printed in gold letters: "Presented to Rev. George A. Smith from S. H. Tyng, James May and William Suddards, January 1st, 1838, as a token of confidence and Christian regard, on the occasion of his retiring from the editorship of the *Episcopal Recorder*." In his own diary is recorded his thanks to God for success in doubling the subscription list, etc., so much beyond his hopes.

The pilgrim, laden with physical infirmity, once more takes up his staff and returns to Alexandria, hoping to renew his strength by contact with mother Earth, as Bishop Meade was wont to do at Mountain View. But he could not rest long idle, that spectre seemed ever to be haunting his leisure hours. He then decided to establish a school for boys, as the best method for doing good (the thought ever uppermost in him) within his reach. To this end he chose a beautiful suburb of the Seminary, overlooking Alexandria and the majestic Potomac, called Clarens, which now became the "birthplace of love" in a higher sense than was its namesake, so transfigured by the genius of Rousseau and Byron. In this nursery, for eleven years, Mr. Smith sowed seed and trained plants which brought forth good fruit in many a home and

in the Church, as we shall presently see. Among Mr. Smith's assistants in the school were many who passed through it into the ministry, as Leavell, Davis, of New York; Fielding, the disciplinarian *par excellence*; Dalrymple, Bishop Whittle, the cultured Wiley, who came a sceptic and went away a Christian, having slept in the library among the remains of defunct theologians, with whose spirits he held nightly converse; Tyng and Moore, and Collier and Syle, whose letters in after years were full of grateful memories.

Rev. Charles West Thomson vented his enthusiasm in a touching poem beginning:

" I winna forget Clarens
While life shall remain."

As an illustration of the far-reaching influence of the school, I may say that there are letters extant from mothers, asking the prayers of the principal whose influence helped to form the character of their boys; from a wife telling of the death of her husband, to one who had taught him in his boyhood, and who was the model of his life; from others, telling of lives won for Christ by memories of his life—"Next to my mother, you have led me to Christ"; from another, saying, "I have joined the Church, and I owe it to the impressions made by you." A gray-haired man said lately, "He will never know the influence he has exerted over me these many years. When almost hating mankind, and ready for deeds of violence, the thought of

his life restrained me." There are also testimonials of gratitude from those who had been taught without remuneration and at reduced prices. But time and space are wanting for further enumeration. Two of these former pupils and the son of another bore him to the grave, with reverence and love.

Among Mr. Smith's pupils at Clarens were Gen. G. W. Custis Lee, now President of Washington and Lee University; Gen. W. H. Fitzhugh Lee, both sons of Gen. Robert E. Lee; and Gen. Fitz Lee, the present Governor of Virginia. Gen. Robert E. Lee wrote a letter to Mr. Smith, acknowledging the obligations of his son Custis for his training in the school, when the latter was examined at West Point. The Rev. Dunbar Brooke, Col. John M. Patton and Gen. Edwin Slaughter were pupils of the Fairfax Institute. He now devoted his time to the *Southern Churchman* (whose charge he had assumed in 1847), in connection with a school for girls. He continued the editorship of the *Southern Churchman* (which we have anticipated) until 1855. Several years passed in seeking a more propitious climate for an invalid daughter, and in teaching a school for boys in Alexandria.

THE CHURCH UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

And now the war cloud, which had been slowly gathering, darkened the horizon, and Cicero's saying, *Inter arma silent leges*, was sadly fulfilled in

Alexandria, and his other, *Maxim arma cedunt toga*, was reversed, as we shall see.

In May, 1861, the Federal army occupied Alexandria. A large proportion of its citizens had retired, the young men rallying to the call of their native State, and the non-combatants, unwilling to bear the humiliations which they apprehended, and which those who remained suffered, the clergymen followed their scattered flocks, and the churches were closed.* Mr. Smith remained, chiefly to be in communication with an invalid daughter, who was trying the climate of Iowa. He kept house, attended by an old colored family servant, Aunt Betty, who was loyal and true, as were all his servants, whom he freed; but some of them were in his service to the day of his death. He received his meals from a married daughter, Mrs. Corse, next door.

Having sons in the Southern army, he was an object of suspicion, and detectives dogged his steps. Being a Southern man in every fibre of his soul and body, he was thoroughly convinced of the righteousness of their cause, and willing if need be to seal his convictions with his blood. And yet he was meek, gentle, courteous, and inoffensive as a lamb, and with a charity that could suffer long and be kind, praying for his ene-

* This is the first time the Church in Virginia has been under martial law since 1612, when Sir Thomas Dale brought over from the Low Countries the bloody code entitled, "For the Colony in Virginia, Laws, Moral and Martial." These were so cruel that they were seldom if ever enforced.

mies and doing good to those that spitefully used and persecuted him. For such a man, with the courage of a martyr and the tenderness of a woman, who would have sooner died than bend the hinges of the knee where thrift might follow fawning, to be exposed to the wanton insults of rude men dressed in a little brief authority, and who delighted in chafing the sensibilities of those subject to their power, the situation was the severest possible test of the faith and patience of the saints. His severe passage through this furnace of fiery trial was more sublime than that of heroes in the intoxication of battle.

I have no desire or purpose to revive the fading memories, or to rekindle the smouldering embers of a time of war; but the truth of history demands that some incidents should be related. Mr. Smith could not live without trying to do good to all within his reach. Accordingly, he visited the sick, baptized children, administered the Holy Communion, and obeyed the command "not to forsake the assembling yourselves together." The Federal authorities had taken possession of Christ Church, and instituted, according to martial law (shall we call it cannon law?), one of their ministers, who retained possession of it during the war of arms and of reconstruction. Of course, no Southern man could worship there. He had been asked to take charge of Grace Church, Dr. Sprigg having removed the *Southern Churchman* to Richmond. But it was thought to be more expedient

to worship, like the primitive Christians in the time of persecution, in a less conspicuous place, and as there were no catacombs accessible, a hall was opened for Divine service.

When the Rev. Dr. K. Johns Stewart, a nephew of Bishop Johns, and whose wife was a daughter of Edmund J. Lee, of Alexandria, proposed to Mr. Smith to join him in opening St. Paul's Church, saying that as the United States was not warring against the Church, the officers could not take exception to a service which omitted all political matter, Mr. Smith consented, and on February 2, 1862, St. Paul's Church was opened for Divine service. As this led to a very dramatic scene, and as I do not wish to misrepresent it in any respect, I have asked Dr. Stewart, who still survives, to narrate the facts as they occurred under his own eyes. The following is his statement:

"I notified the people that while we took the liberty of omitting a political prayer, we would not, under penalty of death, permit any force outside the Church to compel us to insert any other petition; that we were law-abiding citizens, and the Church only had authority in this matter. A detective was in the gallery, and he notified Mr. Stanton that Mr. Smith and I had a congregation of F. F. V.s, naming some of them—Lees, Daingerfields, Smoots, Smiths, etc. 'Let me break the spirit of that congregation, and the border clergy will be quiet.' The detective and Capt. Farnsworth were in one of the first pews. Mr. Smith and I

were in the chancel. I was reading the Litany. Suddenly the detective's voice was heard, ordering me to pray at his dictation. As I paid no attention to the order, he or Capt. Farnsworth offered a political prayer. By a sign, soldiers with loaded revolvers and drawn sabres surrounded the chancel. Two officers entered, presented their revolvers at my breast, seized the book and threw it at Mr. Smith's feet. I went on from memory—'From battle and murder, and from sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us.' Mr. James Green, the warden, seized an officer who laid his hand on my shoulder while I was still kneeling, and threw him out of the chancel. The man drew a revolver, and I heard the voice of a lieutenant, the only self-possessed man, saying, 'Don't fire; the time has come to prevent bloodshed.' There was a confusion which no words can describe.

"In the midst of all this, Mr. Smith calmly laid his hand upon an officer's arm, saying, 'Please remember where you are; this is the Lord's day, and we are His ministers.' Capt. Farnsworth then said to me, 'I arrest you by authority of the United States.' I replied, 'And I summon you before the bar of the King of kings for interfering with His ministers while presenting the petitions of His people to His throne.' The Colonel and I stood facing each other. He said, 'You will go with this officer to prison.' I replied, 'I will go under protest and by force, but as you arrest me as a minister, you must not make it a personal

matter; you must take me in my surplice.' On the street I found Miss A. surrounded by armed soldiers, and, with her Prayer Book in hand, was giving them her opinion. Mr. Wells, a lawyer, had taken Mrs. Stewart out, but my daughter insisted on going through the surging crowd of negroes, and to the guard-house of the 8th Illinois Cavalry. Mr. Wells had gone to Christ Church, where Dr. McMurdy was installed by military authority, and told Gen. Montgomery that there was mischief afloat, and the good General hastened to my relief. The streets were crowded with sympathizing people, and in the midst of an argument between the Provost Marshal and myself, Gen. Montgomery came to my prison, and asked me to give my parole. When I declined, he said he would be forced to send me to the slave-pen. I told him to do his duty and I would do mine. As I passed along the street, people crowded to shake my hand, and I begged them not to do it, as it annoyed the General, who seemed to be acting as a gentleman; only Mrs. Daingerfield put a roll of bank notes in my hand, saying it had been hastily collected and I would need it. While I was a prisoner in the General's office, Mr. Smith came and openly expressed his concurrence with me, and reasoned and remonstrated, as did many other citizens. Gen. Montgomery telegraphed the situation to Mr. Lincoln, who instructed Mr. Stanton to reply that the General had authority

to do as he pleased in the premises, and I was released."

This is all that concerns Mr. Smith. Dr. Stewart adds as to himself:

"A mob surrounded my house and ordered me to display the United States flag at the upper window, and when I refused, an officer raised the flag on the top of the house. I wish I had that flag as a memorial. I was warned not to leave my house, but being sent for to baptize a child, in a lonely street, my friends, including Mr. Smith, begged me not to take the risk. It was a trap, but I went; and I own that I had many misgivings. And when several stout women led me up a dark stairway, into a secluded room, I was rather ill at ease; but when I said, 'Name this child,' and the response was 'Lee Beauregard,' all my apprehensions were gone. But I had my revenge when Gen. Grant thanked me in the White House for services done prisoners of war in the Libby, and when ex-Secretary of State Fish sent me a sum of money in acknowledgment of this service. Again, when the Confederate army occupied Hagerstown, the colonel commanding said to me, 'As Dr. McMurdy has been installed by force in Christ Church, and you have been dragged from the altar of St. Paul's, you are requested to preach in the Episcopal church here to-day.' As this would have been a forcible entry, and would have led to the arrest of a worthy minister, I declined, and begged that a guard might be placed at the church,

and that the minister might be assured of not being interfered with when he prayed for the President of the United States. It was a sweet revenge to be able to do good to one's enemies. Pardon me, my dear brother. This statement may seem to savor of self, whereas, I assure you, that but for Mr. Smith there might have been no history of it.

"Truly yours,

"KENSEY JOHNS STEWART.*

"WASHINGTON, Oct. 5, 1889."

When one of Mr. Smith's sons procured a pass to leave the city, Mr. Smith, finding that it required an oath, promptly returned it to the officer. After a threat to burn his house, he sent his wife and daughter away, but could not get a pass for himself without conditions with which he could not conscientiously comply. But the wife of a Baptist minister having procured a pass, she took him as an escort, and he, buying a horse, drove her in a buggy; so he joined his family in Amherst County, where they had taken refuge. Like a bird loosed from the cage, he rejoiced in breathing again the free air, in contemplating the love of God in the mirror of the mountains, and joining in

* Since the foregoing was written, I have received a printed copy of a statement of this affair, signed by Rev. G. A. Smith and many citizens, which is in substance the same as that of Dr. Stewart. The arrest was made without the knowledge of Gen. Montgomery, who strongly condemned it. The only offence alleged was the omission of the prayer for the President of the United States, the offering of which would have been an act of hypocrisy and mockery.

the canticle, "Oh, all ye green things of earth, bless ye the Lord; praise Him, and magnify Him for ever." But natural religion did not satisfy his aspirations—he longed for the courts of the Lord, where he could see the King in His beauty in the face of Jesus Christ. And this privilege was not denied him, for here he found four vacant churches, St. Mark's, St. Luke's, Ascension and Elon, with a people scattered and peeled, hungering for the bread of life. He took charge of these churches gladly. Silver and gold, the people had none, but such as they had they gave unto him. The custom of free-will offerings which prevailed in the primitive Church was renewed, and the people tithed themselves with the tenth pig and lamb, and the fruits of the earth in their several kinds. Luxuries were unknown, except what Goldsmith calls "the luxury of doing good." Tea and coffee were as scarce as in the middle of the seventeenth century, when, according to Macaulay, "it was handed round to be tasted and stared at, and touched with the lips." But necessity is the mother of invention, and the wits of the Confederates were taxed to find substitutes for them, which they did in decoctions of toasted corn and rye and potatoes, raspberry and divers other leaves and herbs, of which many of us have bitter memories.*

* Botanists hereafter should add to the *coffea Arabica* the *coffea* and *thea Virginiana*. See Porcher's "Medical Botany of the Confederate States."

Never was one better fitted than Mr. Smith to be the pastor of a shorn flock, feeding in scant pastures. Spare in person, and seldom if ever tasting meat, he was as content with toasted bread and apple butter as was John the Baptist with locusts and wild honey, in the wilderness of Judea. Faithfully and affectionately he tended the flock in the mountain. The author of this memoir visited him and held a mission at Amherst Court House, and can bear witness to the reverence with which he was regarded by the parishioners, and to the edification and comfort his ministry was to this stricken people. At the end of the war he returned from his exile to his home in Alexandria, but continued his ministry to them until they secured another pastor in the person of Dr. McBride, and then he said, pathetically, "The words of David, the son of Jesse, are ended."

Mr. Smith's active ministry in the office of pastor, editor and teacher now ended. But his passive ministry only ended with his life. I emphasize the word passive, in the sense of suffering from increasing bodily infirmities, from compassion for his own and other flocks, scattered without a shepherd to care for them; grief for homes of friends and countrymen despoiled and dilapidated, churches in ruins, and his native land desolated by the tread of grand armies, and a whole people stricken with poverty, straitened for food and clothing, and burdened with the pains and penalties of so-called reconstruction; wives widowed

and weeping for husbands and sons untimely slain. All these sad sights and sounds, to one so sensitive to every phase and tone of suffering, was a great strain upon his mind and body, and the subject of his thoughts by day and his dreams by night.

His correspondence throws a flood of light upon his daily life, hidden from the public eye, and would make an interesting volume in itself. It reveals his sympathies with all these forms of suffering, and his untiring efforts to bind up broken hearts, pour the oil of joy into bruised spirits, and give the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Letters lie before me, written to support the weak, comfort the feeble-minded, cheer the despondent, raise the fallen, with words of tender sympathy, of wise counsel and affectionate pointing to the Man of sorrows, who endured the Cross, and in sweetest tones invites the weary and heavy laden to come to Him and find rest for their souls.

In his letters to absent friends and relatives he reports incidents in the workings of the several churches in Alexandria, and this reveals the lively interest he took in the Bible-classes, Sunday-schools, mothers' meetings, measures for visiting the sick, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and all the other wheels and pulleys and levers in the machinery of a modern parish. It is delightful to read the kindly way in which he speaks of the pastors of the several churches in Alexandria, his appreciation of their ser-

mons and his sympathy with their work. Indeed, his habit seems to have been that recommended by his old friend, George Herbert:

“ In time of service shut up both thine eyes,
And send them to thine heart.
He that gets patience and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.”

When these pastors went away for recreation, how glad he was to take their places in part, how thankful to God he seemed to be for an opportunity of ministering again in desk and pulpit, and even of making a little address when his strength was not equal to a sermon, and what a cordial it seemed to be to his spirit when they happened to recognize, by a word of thanks, his humble service! The childlike artlessness in which he speaks at other times of the privilege of assisting in the administration of the Holy Communion is very touching and beautiful. After these seasons of refreshing, he has said, in the abandon of confidential converse, that he had been enabled to overlook the immediate celebrant, and took the bread and wine, as it were, from the Saviour's own hands. When he was no longer able to officiate in any way in public, he rejoiced in being permitted to offer the morning sacrifice of prayer and praise in his family; and when he was disabled for that office, he said, with a pathos which started the tears in our eyes, “I am thankful for the privilege of asking a blessing at meals.” Another channel for the outpouring of his sympathies

was the Infirmary founded by Julia, daughter of Bishop Johns, and presided over by Miss Davison. This was a godsend to our friend, who acted as Auditor-Treasurer and disburser of the funds, in which and in visiting its inmates he took great delight, receiving from the managers cordial thanks.

But his sympathies could not be pent up in Alexandria. Independently of his interests in Domestic and Foreign Missions, of which I have already spoken, a special object of his love and service was the Jaffa Mission. He was attracted to it by his relations, and those of his family, to Miss Baldwin and the Misses Davison, who were intimately connected with it. Mr. Smith and his daughter contributed valuable articles to Mrs. Pitman's "Mission Life in Greece and Palestine," and co-operated in many other ways in this good work. From his retirement he watched with an eagle eye the proceedings of the Diocesan Councils and General Conventions, and scanned the columns of our Church journals, not from mere curiosity or a spirit of controversy, but from the loving interest with which one follows the fortunes of a dear friend or near relative, whose weal is a personal joy and whose woes we feel as a personal wound.

DEPARTING SPIRITS AND MINSTERING ANGELS.

I have called our friend's latter years a passive ministry. Some of the objects of his compassion have been enumerated. But he had sorrows in the inner

sanctuary of his home with which a stranger could not intermeddle. In 1866, soon after the downfall of the Confederacy, the aged mother of his wife, who had been an exile from Culpepper during the war, was borne back in her casket and buried in Alexandria. This revered mother in Israel, a woman of masculine intelligence and much culture, had been for generations an oracle of wise counsel to her children, who listened to her responses with reverence. On May 30, 1871, his lovely, loving and beloved daughter, Eleanor, upon whose damask cheek consumption, like a worm in the bud, had been preying before his weeping eyes, was suddenly cut down like a flower. As her pastor closed her eyes with the words, "Asleep in Jesus," her father's voice responded reverently from the adjoining room, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

In 1879, August 5, the wife of his bosom, with whom he had lived in wedded bliss for more than half a century, the partner of his joys and the solace of his sorrows, departed this life. He read the commendatory prayer with wailing tones as her spirit passed away, and when it was gone he mournfully said to his assembled children, "For your sakes only, I am willing to live on."

Melville has beautifully said, "The harp of the human spirit never makes such sweet music as when its framework is all shattered and the strings are all torn." Although our friend's frame was shattered

and the strings of his heart were all torn, yet they never failed to respond when touched by the hand of the widow and the fatherless, the sick and the poor, the weary and the heavy laden who sought rest for their feet and solace for their sorrows. The many letters which lie before me, sounding every note of sorrow, and the responses, breathing every form of comfort, warrant what may seem exaggerations to the reader.

These vacant rooms in his home and these empty niches in his heart must needs be filled with other guests, and the angels came in bodily form, as they did to the old patriarch. And as he had been mindful of the injunction, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares," they too came, in the form of missionaries from the Old World. Among them Garabed, the Armenian, and Friedlander, the Jew. The latter was a man of rare gifts and ripe culture, speaking many languages, a veteran missionary of the Church of England for twenty-three years to the Jews in Africa and at Jerusalem. Coming to this country on some literary errand, his heart was moved by the fifty thousand Jews that darkened the streets and lanes of New York, and he resolved to become a voluntary missionary to them. He had known the Misses Davison at Jaffa, and highly appreciated their character and fitness for the work. Hence he came to Alexandria, and by special invitation to Mr. Smith's house, and told the story of

Russian persecutions of the Jews, and of their dispersion, and of his own labors among those suffering ones who found refuge in the Holy Land. He contrasted vividly the ideal pictures of Jerusalem with the degradation he had seen, and spoke with enthusiasm and wonder of the open field of usefulness in New York, and of the harvest which might be reaped from seed sown there, and scattered thence over the land. Mr. Smith greeted him as a ministering spirit, and gave him one of the vacant niches in his heart. I cannot forbear quoting some passages from a letter, the childlike beauty and humility of which drew tears from my eyes:

“Though I cannot say with Peter, ‘You know that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to come unto one of another nation,’ I have a right to say, it is so unusual a thing for a Jew to be so overwhelmed with undeserved kindness, that you must allow me to write to you a few words of acknowledgment. . . . When you were not satisfied with all the present pleasure I experienced in Alexandria, but surprised me with the offer of a friendly reception here in Philadelphia, I felt somewhat like David when on one occasion he exclaimed, ‘And this was yet a small thing in Thy sight, but Thou hast spoken of Thy servant for a good while to come,’ or some such words. But in one thing you were mistaken—your calculation as to how manifold the warmth of the welcome would be. It was far below the mark.

“And strangely enough, a little conversation I had in the train yesterday with a Jew from Philadelphia brought out the correct sum. Seeing me read a Hebrew letter I had received in the morning, he could not forbear speaking to me. I found him to be a sceptic, who was especially set against the possibility of prophecies being true predictions. ‘Why,’ I said, ‘if I could make you understand what I have experienced in the

last few days, you would see the literal fulfillment of an old prophecy: "Every one that has forsaken brothers, or sisters, or father or mother for My sake" (I had to leave out, as not referring to me, houses and lands, and wife and children,) "shall receive an hundredfold."

"When, late last night, I came to Mr. Hubbard's, I did realize that this prophecy has been literally fulfilled to me. Miss H.'s kindness in sending a letter ahead of me was in keeping with all I have experienced since I came to Baltimore, and if there is anything to regret, it is this, that the letter of commendation was, no doubt, tinged with that sensationalism which Miss Davison unfortunately introduced into her account of me.

"My conscience is not at all at ease at my allowing these so flattering assumptions to pass unchallenged, but it is not easy to steer clear of the Scylla of self-depreciation, which is often but another form of self-laudation, and the Charybdis of accepting by silence undeserved praise. I feel, however, bound to make one statement, which will keep you from attributing an undue value to the knowledge of many languages, supposing I possessed it to the extent attributed to me by Miss Davison's indulgence, which I do not. In Turkey the knowledge of various languages is at a discount, belonging to the commonest acquisitions of the people. We had an old Jewish man servant who fluently conversed in twelve languages, several of which he read and wrote fairly well, yet I had often to make the observation that he did not seem to have a single thought 'to blow himself with' in any of the twelve languages. To sum up all I wished to say to you, and to you all, I feel very grateful for all you have done for me, whatever be the exaggerated opinion you may have of my merits. I feel something like the despair of gratefulness, not being able to do more than to express my gratefulness. But stop, I can do one thing that David did when he was in like despair. 'What shall I render for all God's benefits?' he asked, and he answered, 'I will take . . .' Gratefully to take what is kindly given is what we all can do, and if such accepting could ever appear to me like encroaching upon friends, I will remember the very last words of the Bible I read at your house, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' which settles the account in the most equitable

manner. I do not know yet whether I can finish my business here to-day and proceed to New York. But if I do stay on, I am to remove to Mr. Hubbard's and preach in his church next Sunday.

"Yours gratefully,

"H. FRIEDLANDER."

Friedlander began his mission in Norfolk Street, New York, which he describes as black with people lounging on Saturdays and Sundays. Among these he found many of his former pupils in London and Jerusalem. He could only get a tenement house, where he had a reading-room to which Jews resorted in the evening. There was a "shut-up church" at which he looked with longing eyes, but he found that, like other houses, it could not be had without rent and "silver and gold had he none." He communicated every ray of light to Mr. Smith, and called it "a glorious prospect." He protested against the habit of making the work of God "shine in brighter colors than the truth warrants." Good people ought to know better than to pander to the craving for hopeful reports. "I strive to keep myself from everything but interest in the victory of truth." His experience taught him that it was a mistake to make Jewish Christians missionaries to Jews, if the office improved their condition financially and socially. The Jews are keen to note the fact, and sure to suspect such. They must be constrained by the love of Christ, and not the love of money and position. His idea was to pay expenses by doing extra work. This, by the way, is a

thought worth consideration by those who would offer premiums for the increase of the ministry, and is specially applicable to a certain class of our population. Alas ! after six months' work in his self-denying mission, this Apostolic man died one night, on his knees by his simple cot, in a lonely room in a lodging-house in New York. And the surging millions of that great city, revolving in the whirlpool of business and pleasure, knew not that one "of whom the world was not worthy" had fallen in Israel. But Mr. Smith and the favored few who had known him mourned for him as did Elisha for the rapt prophet when he went to Heaven in a chariot of fire.

" There are in the loud, stunning tide
 Of human care and crime,
 With whom the melodies abide
 Of the everlasting chime.
 Who carry music in their heart
 Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
 Plying their daily task with busier feet
 Because their secret souls
 A lowly strain repeat."

WHIT-SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1889.

“ Listen, sweet Dove, unto my song,
And spread thy golden wings in me.”

This was a memorable day in our friend's life, a Sabbath's journey toward Heaven. To make it intelligible, I shall have to use the personal pronoun more than accords with my taste and that of the reader. On the 5th of May it was my lot to preach in Christ Church, on the text “God is love.” The subject seemed to take hold of Mr. Smith to a degree that surprised me. He referred to it repeatedly during my sojourn in his house, where I was detained for several weeks by illness. After my return to my own home the subject passed from my mind, until I received the following letter, dated June 10, 1889, the last letter he wrote :

DEAR BROTHER:—I have been sick for several days from a complication which, though not attended with danger, requires great care for the future, which is, of course, uncertain. . . . I read nothing yesterday (Whit-Sunday) but the Collect, Epistle and Gospel. The last recalled a quotation I had occasion to make to you, which occurs in the first verse, “If ye love Me, keep My commandments,” etc. I did not express all I had in mind, but thought you would take it as representing many others in our Lord's teaching, and including the great truth, “God is love,” which you were enabled so truly, precisely and fully to set forth as the one great axiom of Christianity. I thought if we could rest on that simple representation, no more, no less, we should have all we could desire for the present and

the future. In the continuation of this subject, the trait of love is especially repeated, and more fully represents the general truth. Finally, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you." I was led to consider the whole subject of the meeting of our Lord with Peter. A look such as we can realize restored the latter, and when he stood before his Lord, silently waiting for the greeting which he reverently believed was to be pronounced, what must have been his feeling? "Simon, son of Jonas"—what more? "Lovest thou Me?" You can readily fill up the whole aspect of the subject. I never saw it in such a light before. It brought the tears to my eyes, and filled me with peace. Then I remembered that our Lord clothed the Decalogue with the garment of love. St. Luke and St. Paul (not to speak of St. John) recognized the truth: "If there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in the saying, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." There is no reduction, no modification of the one word of the Gospel, "God is love." *Stat in eternum.*

Affectionately yours,

GEORGE A. SMITH.

When I read this letter, I said to my family, "It has an unearthly ring about it; the prophet must be putting on his ascension robes." The next tidings we heard was that he was ill, nigh unto death, and then that he was dead. His last illness was brief and intensely painful, and his death was evidently unexpected to himself, so much so that among the few words spoken in the paroxysms of pain was the question why his attendants did not retire—"It must be past bedtime." The popular creed craves a dramatic deathbed for the Christian like that of a tragedy hero on the stage, and ecstasies and raptures are thought to attest a high degree of grace. It is forgotten that out-

ward manifestations are often gross delusions, as in the case of criminals of the deepest dye, who talk fluently of going home to glory, and call upon their friends to meet them in Heaven, and the like. I would not undervalue what are called triumphant deaths, if they are the consummation of holy lives. It was not so with the Master. Our admirable Office for the Sick tells us truly that Christ went not up to joy, but first he suffered pain, so our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged, and we would not, to gratify morbid curiosity, invade that sanctuary. I will only lift the veil so far as to say that in his intense pain he would say, in seeming remonstrance, to his weeping family, whose sympathy for his sufferings oppressed him, "God's will must be done." This was Christlike. The sublimest height the human spirit, inspired by breath from Heaven, can reach is submission of the individual will to the will of God. This puts it in harmony with the Divine order of the universe, and all things work together for its good. Doubtless, if our brother had been conscious that the time of his departure was at hand, the flickering lamp, ere it went out, would have flashed some rays towards Heaven that it would have been pleasing to see and hear. But such a sign was not needed as a seal to "a living epistle, seen and read of all men," any more than a fitful flush at sunset to attest a long sunshiny day.

The funeral took place from Christ Church, so rich in memories of him. After the reading of the grand burial service by Dr. Suter and Mr. Sharpe, and a brief, but appropriate and touching address by Dr. Packard, the Dean of the Seminary, whose life ran parallel with his for half a century, he was buried in the Presbyterian Cemetery, by his wife, near the tomb of his father and mother. On a marble stone will be inscribed these words:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

GEORGE A. SMITH,

AGED 87.

IN CHRIST.

“He turneth the shadow of death into morning.”—CANTICLES ii, 17.

On Mrs. Smith's:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

OPHELIA A.,

WIFE OF GEORGE A. SMITH,

AGED 79.

IN CHRIST.

“Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.”—CANTICLES ii. 17.

There are some things touching his relations to his children too sacred to be exposed to the public eye—his appreciation of the “love of his daughters, who would keep him away from Heaven, burdened

here by life's many sorrows"; of the devotion of his sons, in their far-away homes in Oregon and California, and of his deep sense of their self-sacrifice for his comfort; how he stood daily between them and their God, pleading for their weal here and hereafter.

But there are some passages in his will which I cannot refrain from printing, not only as illustrations of his character, but, as it were, a sermon from beyond the grave, to be often read and pondered by those to whom it is addressed :

"No interest in life is more important, nor more the subject of my prayers, than that all my children and grandchildren may respect the injunction and realize the promise, 'If any man will do HIS WILL, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.' I specify this saying of our Lord's because the observation of life has shown me that the objection to religion is the life which it enjoins, and ^{so} no question with unbelievers is decided against it, at the start. I mean the whole life enjoined by Christ. If we do not know or understand it on a first trial, it is only necessary to practice what we do know, and what is plain. The common sense of mankind renders it plain to all men that no one will ever be a proficient in either knowledge or practice of a profession who does not begin, as it were, in the dark as to the future. What we all want is a guide to lead us on, step by step, and he who will not take the first will never reach anything beyond."

The same sense of delicacy restrains me from reproducing passages from the very many letters of condolence with the family, from the clergy, and the laity of both sexes, far and near, beautiful and fragrant as the flowers laid upon his tomb, but like those flowers would lose all their fragrance if applied to other uses. But, fearing that looking at him through the magnifying glass of personal affection, I might color my portrait of him too highly, I have asked the pastors of the Episcopal churches in Alexandria how he looked and lived from their more disinterested point of view. I extract some paragraphs from their responses for my own justification in the public eye.

ALEXANDRIA, September 24, 1889.

MY DEAR SLAUGHTER :—Most gladly would I do anything to honor the memory of our beloved friend. It would be impossible to tell *you* anything of his life and character. Aside from his elevated tone of thought and feeling, to me the most wonderful thing was his simplicity and unselfishness. I cannot recall the slightest indication, during forty years, that word and manner did not express his sincere meaning. His unselfishness was beyond anything that has come under my observation in mankind. I have seen women who were like him. But his sympathy for the trouble of others, every way better off and more comfortable than himself, was simply wonderful. The freshness of his interest in others did not abate in old age ; to the last he was the one friend we could always feel sure would share our joys and sorrows.

Yours affectionately,

GEO. H. NORTON,
St. Paul's Church, Alexandria.

MY DEAR DR. SLAUGHTER:—You have asked me for a brief statement of the character of the late Rev. George A. Smith, as it appeared to me through his life under my eye, in this parish.

Of course, no man could be associated with Mr. Smith as I was, without being impressed with his deep and consistent piety. As he sat under my ministry, during the first ten years of it, I often noticed his manner, its reverence and its humility. Near me he sometimes knelt, when his health permitted, at the administration of the Lord's Supper, and his voice of confession was touching in its simple and heartfelt earnestness. These were occasions of pleasure to my aged friend, for he felt that he was still doing something for Him whom he loved to serve, and I am sure they were reminders to me of the truth of the saying, "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

One thing often struck me—namely, the interest Mr. Smith took in all things connected with the welfare and honor of Virginia, and of the whole country. He often quoted the maxims of Washington, and dwelt upon the connection between the following of his advice and example, and the safety of the country. He was indeed, like "Paul, the aged," full of interest in the things of the day; no mere praiser of times gone by, but a strenuous worker, cherishing a quick sympathy and an eager interest which kept him young to the end. This interest in all current history was for the Church of his love, as well as for his people and country. He watched closely the theological thought, and, though averse to controversy, would sometimes, as you know, bring out of his treasures wise counsels for us all. . . .

I feel it to be a difficult thing to write as I ought of this good man. His character as a friend and father and Christian is so fully and beautifully displayed in his letters, already in your hands, that I fear to speak of his life in these relations, lest I should mar the beauty which these witnesses reveal. But sure I am that his like we will not see soon again, when we look at the combination of piety, wisdom and scholarship which marked him.

H. SUTER,
Christ Church, Alexandria.

DEAR DR. SLAUGHTER:—You ask me for my conception of the character of Rev. George A. Smith.

In a character so symmetrical as Mr. Smith's, it is difficult to single out any salient points. There was no one element that stood out prominently above the rest. I never knew any one whose character was more uniform. I could say of him what Bishop Burnet said of Archbishop Leighton, "In a familiar intercourse, extending over many years, I never knew him to say an idle word, and I never once saw him in any other temper but that I wish to be in in the last moment of my life."

He was very clear and distinct in his theological convictions. He kept the faith as he found it in the Scriptures and in the Articles of our Church. He was a well-read theologian, especially in the old English divines. . . .

Though for many years before his death incapable from infirmity of the active duties of the ministry, yet he brought forth fruit in old age. He was a blessing to the Church and the community in which he lived. Men pointed to him as a "living epistle, known and read of all men"—a living and walking Bible. The city is poorer, this Church is poorer, the world is poorer for his loss; but what is loss to us is gain to him. He has seen the brow which was pierced for him. He has been joyfully reunited to parents and wife and children, who went before him. The grave is dark and dreary, but we must look beyond.

JOSEPH PACKARD,
Dean of the Seminary.

From Dr. McKim :

My acquaintance with Mr. Smith began more than twenty years ago, when, the year after my ordination to the priesthood, I entered on my duties as rector of Christ Church, Alexandria.

Three words come to me as expressive of the most salient features of Mr. Smith's character—humility, fidelity, charity. I never knew a man who so habitually and naturally "took the lowest seat." No one could be in his company without perceiving in every act and word that he was one of those rare men, who are really "lowly in their own eyes." And so it came to pass that humility, of which St. Augustine says that it is the first, and also the second, and also the third thing in religion,

sat habitually upon his brow, "a crown of glory and a diadem of beauty" in the sight of angels and men.

Equally was he characterized by fidelity. Humility, when it is genuine, has no kinship with timidity. He was not of a combative disposition. The *gaudium certaminis* was not his under any circumstances. But while he abhorred controversy, he was a man of strong convictions, and courageous in defending them; lion-hearted when what he held sacred was assailed, whether in sanctuary of the home, or of the state, or of the Kingdom of God. Looking over his long life of eighty-seven years, and considering his relations to his family, to his friends, to the commonwealth, to the Church and to the revealed truth of God, it may be truly said that he has deserved the encomium, *Semper fidelis*,—yea, faithful unto death.

To humility and fidelity he added charity—the "charity that suffereth long and is kind." Nothing envious, nor unjust, nor harsh, nor censorious, nor malicious, could live in the presence of that serene face of his, shining with the light from the mount of God. He loved everything that was good and tended to good. His interest and his sympathies, though most warmly enlisted in the work of his own communion, were not limited by its boundaries, but went out freely to all who preach Christ and Him crucified. Especially was it true of the great missionary fields of Christendom, in which he took, to his dying day, a lively interest, and for which he not seldom employed his pen. His heart never grew old in its capacity to sympathize with his brethren who were laboring for the spread of Christ's Gospel. His home was open and his hospitality was free equally to the stranger from the far East, who came seeking light that he might carry it back to Persia, or to Armenia, and to the Jewish convert who heard the Lord calling him to go to the Jewish colony in New York with the message of the Messiah, and to live, as the great Apostle to the Gentiles lived, by the sweat of his brow. The friendless found in him their friend, and the homeless in his house a welcome, when they came in the name of the Lord.

Lord Peterborough is reported to have said of Fénélon, "If I stay in his house any longer I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." We may truly say of Mr. Smith, that to

stay in his house was to have before one's eyes a most persuasive evidence of the power of the Christian religion. Only two days ago, at a large meeting for men in Washington, a man who had formerly been a tradesman in Alexandria, said to me, "If ever a man went to Heaven from that town, it was the Rev. George A. Smith."

R. H. MCKIM,

Church of the Epiphany, Washington.

From the Rev. Henry Sharpe :

Perhaps there are few who pass into Paradise to meet more sweet surprises than that veteran soldier of the Cross, the Rev. George A. Smith. A man of strong sense and wisdom, of rare courtesy and delicacy, of broad culture, resolute, tender and gentle as any woman, such was his lowliness of heart that he was always retiring, with an utter absence of self-assertion, and never realized how helpful his learning, his counsels, his sympathy had proved to those who sought the blessings ready to be bestowed. He knows now how much illumination came from the daily shining of his life ; at last he has been told of the comfort imparted to many a heavy-laden soul, and has met a welcome from those he won for Christ who went home before him.

"Humility is like a star that trembles while it shines,
And through its trembling brightest seems to be."

For our part, there would seem to be no higher and no more fitting tribute to the memory of the dear old man so many of us loved, than to say that humility was the most conspicuous grace of his Christian character—"like the veil thrown over the face of beauty, that brightens the loveliness it seeks to hide." Even Christ pleased not himself, and our aged father steadfastly followed the Master. His hope of active ministry crushed before his armor had been well tried, his faith strained by the consciousness of power that he was seemingly forbidden to exercise, so he bent to the will of the Chief Bishop of the Church he cherished, and made the rich offering of a life of love and patience. But at the dawning of the day, June 28, he had an abundant entrance into the eternal rest, and saw the Saviour he so long had served.

HENRY SHARPE,
Grace Church, Alexandria.

From Rev. Dr. Sprigg, formerly rector of Grace Church, Alexandria :

“It is with pain and sorrow we record the death of Rev. George A. Smith, which took place in his home in Alexandria on Friday morning, June 28, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. ‘With pain and sorrow,’ we say, but only because we shall see his face no more in this life, and not because he will see the face of his Lord in glory and in beauty ; for his life had been one of simple faith in Christ and of living beauty towards his fellow-men, from his boyhood to his death having been marked with the seal of the Divine Spirit, through whom he lived the life of faith and died the death of a sincere believer of the Lord Jesus, by whom he has been received into the everlasting habitations.”

Dr. Walker, of the Theological Seminary, says :

“As to Mr. Smith’s general character, I always found him equal to his reputation, a wise, judicious adviser, sound in his judgments and views as to Church matters and parties, and not carried away by words of temporary excitement.”

Let me conclude these testimonials with the artless tribute of his colored servants, whom he had freed long ago, but who served him lovingly to the last.

One said, “I have been looking up into master’s face all my life, and now he is gone.” And another responded, “I never knew but one who never had spells of temper, and that was master,” as they persistently called him.

Thus, by the mouth of more than two or three competent and disinterested eye-witnesses, my words are confirmed, and I am warranted in commending to our clergy and laity, and to all Christian people, the example of our Virginian partriarch, who, having all

his life taken the lowest seat, has been called by the Master to "go up higher," and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and all the saints, at the marriage supper of the Lamb, who will feed him and lead him to the fountains of living water; and God has wiped away all tears from his eyes.

LITERARY REMAINS.

The chief literary remains of Mr. Smith were printed in the columns of the *Philadelphia Recorder* and the *Southern Churchman*. As a register of passing events and a critic of current opinions, a religious newspaper has the whole world as its field, and embracing all the branches and fruit of the tree of knowledge and of good and evil, is a rich depository from which might be culled materials for a miscellaneous library.

In the *Theological Repertory* and in the columns of other contemporary periodicals are sermons, addresses and essays of merit on divers subjects.

“A Scriptural Examination of the Church Catechism, designed as a Plain Manual of Divinity for Sunday-school, Catechetical and Bible-classes, and General Use. By Joshua Dixon. Revised and adapted to the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, with Notes and Appendix, by the Rev. George A. Smith, A.M.” Philadelphia: W. Marshall & Co., 1836. 18mo, pp. 231. The English edition of Dixon is one of the best manuals, but Mr. Smith’s American edition is enriched by much new matter, including historical notes and illustrations, all adapted to the Church in America.

Dr. Suter and Dr. Packard have both spoken with approbation of the article of his in the *Seminary Magazine* on "The Sabbath, the Lord's Day, —in which he refuted some views of Dr. Hessey. In this article Dr. Packard says he laid great stress upon the testimony of Eusebius, "That the word Christ, by the New Covenant, translated and transferred the feast of the Sabbath to the saving Lord's day." This article shows that the force of his mind in his eighty-sixth year was not abated. Dr. Packard also signalizes, among his other communications to the *Southern Churchman*, some articles on the genuineness of the book of Daniel.

Mr. Smith contributed to Mrs. Pitman's "Memoir of Mary B. Baldwin" an appendix, entitled "Remarks on the Missionary Work of the American Church." Mr. Smith's letters in his later years show to the last how he kept abreast of the doings of the day, and in living sympathy with the fortunes of his friends and relations, and with all important movements in Church and State. The secession of Bishop Cummins filled him with grief and amazement, as a needless and profitless rending of the Church, and it called out all the loyalty that was in his heart. He was impatient, too, with the revisers of the Prayer Book, each one, with his psalm and doctrine, "thinking he could improve the work of the giants who built this wonderful work, and sealed it with their blood." Granting that it was susceptible of enrichment, the good attained

would be a small compensation for unsettling the minds of the people and keeping our Ark at sea, where she was liable to be driven about by every wind of doctrine, and "anchored ne'er shall be." He thought it well to remember that the General Convention was not the Church, and that the usefulness of the Church depends most of all upon the blessing of the Divine Head in giving spiritual life to the members.

He had a righteous indignation at the Romanizers in the Church, and thought it was humiliating that so many thought they should be acknowledged to be harmless. But he doubted if it was possible to guard against the devices with which they evade the laws of the Church and shelter themselves against their penalties. The remedy for our troubles was not so much legislative, but in prayer and work. If each one would do his duty in his sphere with existing facilities, it would soon work all the change we want. "Physician, heal thyself, and then shalt thou see clearly," etc.

He sympathized with the Bishops in their arduous work, and said, "I think the office of Diocesan Bishop is the most undesirable possible. In general, to do his duty he must sacrifice himself, and if he does so he will have his reward, but not here." He quoted Dr. Milnor as saying that he had observed that the piety of many when they became Bishop seems to deteriorate, and that he had none to spare.

He thought that the Virginia Council of 1874 was a marvel of wise conduct. Dr. Norton, a man not given to extravagant utterances, says reverently that the report of the committee must have been framed with the aid of the Holy Spirit, and Dr. Sprigg thinks it is the wisest paper he ever read. He was shocked at what seemed to him the utter abandonment, by our Council of 1879, of principles which he supposed were common to all Evangelical men and moderate High Churchmen. He thought the laity would never abandon their constitutional right to share in the legislation of the Church, etc. It haunted him day and night.

Another subject which gave him great concern was the wave of worldliness which has flooded the Church of God, in such contrast with the times of refreshing which marked the old Conventions and associations.

“Explain it as you may, and make all the reservations, if any, it will bear, the truth remains that the friendship of the world is enmity with God. But self-denial is the essential mark of the Christian life and the plain requisition of our Lord, while to avoid it to the utmost extent within the limits of salvation is the aim of the world and of so-called Christians conformed to the world.”

As an example of how times are changed, he recalls an incident in 1825, when he was going in a steamboat from Baltimore to the General Convention

in Philadelphia. Among the passengers he mentions Bishops Kemp and Bowen, and Mr. Ravenscroft, who was going to be consecrated ; Rev. Messrs. Meade, McIlvaine, Wilmer, Hawley, etc. In the evening all the passengers met in the cabin. Mr. Meade gave out a hymn and read the twentieth chapter of Acts, and Mr. McIlvaine prayed fervently, the company being all respectful and attentive. He mourned that the State of Virginia, from a complication of untoward events which her best people could not control, had the stain of repudiation cast upon her escutcheon.

Such are a few items from his letters about important current events of Church and State. To descend from great to small matters, I will give one item of his interest in the latter. When I was writing the "Life of Bishop Meade" I had occasion to reproduce a quotation from Ovid's *Tristia*, which the Bishop had repeated to me on the eve of my going to Europe. I happened to mention it to Mr. Smith in a letter, to which he replied thus :

"I stepped up (from Alexandria) this morning to Washington, and found in the library of Congress a beautiful London edition of the *Tristia*, and copied your quotation carefully, with special attention to punctuation. I have two editions of the *Metamorphosis*, containing one (the tenth) *Elegy* of the *Tristia*. I doubt if they are in any American edition. I thought it worth while for you, and for the Bishop's classical reputation, and I do not like to stay puzzled

myself. I enclose some notes from the London edition, and the response of Ovid's wife, which is (as all is) very touching."

This calls to mind Michael Angelo's ingenious device, representing an old man in a go-cart with an hour-glass upon it, with this inscription, *Ancora imparo*. The patriarch pupil will be learning still.

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